The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXVI. SEPTEMBER, 1917 No. 4

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.
MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.
Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

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CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon that plan that pleased his boyish thought;
Whose high endeavors are an inward light,
That makes the path before him always bright;
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care:
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain
And Fear and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them, and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling rendered more compassionate;
Is placable, because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.—
'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labors good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:—
Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means, and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire:
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim,
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven hath joined
Great issues, good or bad for human-kind,
Is happy as a lover, and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or, if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:—
He who, though thus endued, as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love.—
'Tis, finally, the man who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray:
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,

Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpassed;
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead, unprofitable name,—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:—
This is the happy warrior; this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

—*William Wordsworth.*

BROKEN HOMES.

The providence of God never presses more sorely upon the heart, nor raises harder questions in the mind, than when His servant Death knocks at the door of some unconscious contented home, and summons an unlikely member across the threshold. We have no quarrel with the kindly office of the dark angel, and would not desire that he should delay his coming beyond the time, since many years without strength are only sorrow and humiliation. It is better that the ripe fruit should be plucked before it begins to decay upon the tree, and the golden corn reaped before it runs to waste. Nothing can be more fitting and seemly than the departure of one whose work has been well finished, and who has reached the evening of his day. What appears utter unreason and cruelty—a mere caprice or blunder of Providence—is the removal of the head of a family in the midst of his days, or a house-mother whose deserted children follow her to the door, or a young child in the fresh promise of spring. Is not this the wilful wrecking of love's long labor? For a home is a beautiful work which is slowly created; it is a perfect unity whose injury cannot be repaired. Why should two people be moved of the Divine Spirit to love, only to be separated after a few years? Why should children be given only to be taken? Why should a home be enriched with a wealth of tender associations, and in a little while the inhabitants sit lonely in its desolation, listening for a footstep that will never be heard on the stair again, wearying for a voice that is still?

When a person in such straits is concerned about the goodness of God, his anxious questions are not to be condemned as a sign of unbelief, but are rather to be welcomed as a fruit of faith. If one does not believe in his heart that there is any God, or at least quite despairs of knowing Him, then he is not likely to vex himself about the divine character. No circumstances can either make God better or worse, any more than if He were an idea in a book. If, however, one has learned to put all his trust in God, and God has become the portion of his soul, then he cannot help being very jealous about His honor. Any act which suggests carelessness or cruelty on the part of God is an unspeakable and irredeemable calamity. Leave God untouched in His wisdom and love, and the pious soul can bear many afflictions, for at the worst it can hide itself in Him, Who is the soul's refuge and help in time of trouble. Without God—and if God be unworthy of trust there is no God—tribulation is another name for destruction. The vindication of God is the first thought of faith in face of trial, and we are never inclined to judge our Father more harshly than when standing amid the ruins of a home.

Before trying to find reasons for the divine action, it is always well to remind ourselves how little we know about anything, and how very unlikely it is that we shall know much more till we get the after look. We are the victims of the present and the imperfect, seeing only processes, not ends, understanding only a part, not the whole. We should never have imagined this fair earth, had it been given us to see fire and water laboring like blind and chaotic forces at its making, and it is at least as impossible to anticipate what gracious products of human character may result from what seems in our day the confused and senseless agonies of life. What we are alone able to see is the carving of the stone, with the dust and broken splinters, the wrong side of the web, with its tangle of threads, the molten metal poured from crucible to crucible. Each generation lives amid the machinery which is making souls, and the individual must be patient when he fails to understand its whirling wheels and sharp-edged tools. The past with its golden record of conspicuous successes corrects our hasty judgments; the future with its incalculable possibilities bids us hope. When the day is over and the work is done it will be soon enough to judge the government of the Eternal.

Meanwhile one must be very unobservant of life and very unintelligent about its meaning if he cannot see some spiritual ends and some kindly alleviations even in these sudden and crushing blows that shatter happy homes. It does certainly seem wanton to

call away a father who is not only the bread-winner but also the councillor of a family, at the very time when his example and influence will mostly tell; or a mother while her children are still young and chiefly need her sympathy, her care, her love. The loss is so irreparable that we do not reckon the compensations. Is there any relation so fond on the one side, so chivalrous on the other, as that between a widowed mother and her loyal sons? Can there be found any one more thoughtful, more protecting, more tender-hearted than a man who has to be both father and mother to his children? If marriage be the normal state for the vast majority of men and women, its sad eclipse has often called into exercise the most gentle and winsome virtues, has afforded the opportunity for the most affectionate and thoughtful services.

When one comes to the loss of young children—a sad perplexity—let it not be forgotten that they were given. If in the hour of bitterest grief it were asked of a bereaved mother whether she would prefer never to have possessed in order that she might never have lost—her heart would be very indignant. No little child has ever come from God and stayed a brief while in some human home—to return again to the Father—without making glad that home and leaving behind some trace of heaven. A family had counted themselves poorer without those quaint sayings, those cunning caresses, that soft touch, that sudden smile. This short visit was not an incident: it was a benediction. The child departs, the remembrances, the influence, the associations remain. If one should allow us to have Sarto's Annunciation for a month, we would thank him: when he resumed it for his home he would not take everything, for its loveliness of maid and angel is now ours forever. And if God recalls the child He lent, then let us thank Him for the loan, and consider that what made that child the messenger of God—its purity, modesty, trustfulness, gladness—has passed into our soul.

Is it not the case also in many instances that death has been a merciful escape for children grievously smitten in body or mind? No child calls forth so much tender solicitude, none is so fondly loved, as one afflicted; none is held more firmly, for none are more prayers offered. If it lay in the will of the parents they would never consent to its removal, so wonderfully do helplessness and suffering appeal to the heart. With a just parent there is only one ground of partiality—weakness; only one child that has more than its share of love—the invalid. Yet is it not an unconscious and cruel selfishness of love that would wish for that child a prolonged hospitable life? Is it not a merciful release when the prisoner escapes from the bondage of this body, and enters on the fulness of life, where there is no more pain?

There are worse evils than pain of body, from which death gives immunity; and no one can look at the innocent face of a little child that has fallen on sleep without thanking God for victory before the battle. One at least of God's children has been spared the risk of temptation, the bitterness of defeat, the sore struggle after perfection. What an uncertainty is the life before an infant in its mother's arms! What sin and shame may be its experience ere all be over! Has no father ever declared, with a heart broken by some Absalom, 'Would that he had died in his childhood'? Is it not good that some of our race should have but one chapter in their short lives here, and is it to be desired that all should have page upon page that none but God must see, that nothing but Christ's blood can cleanse?

Death must always be a dreaded visitor to any house, and it is hard to forgive his robberies, but he leaves behind many peaceable fruits. For instance, a certain seriousness of thought and feeling that are not easily learned. People who are strong and busy and successful and glad—who have never been chastened in their hearts—are apt to take shallow and trifling views of life. They do not see clearly because of the glare of sunshine in the room, so that they might pass a Crucifixion without notice. Life is but a pleasant day—a pastoral, with song and dancing. By and by one blind after another is drawn down, till the light grows gray and sombre, and the Christ upon His Cross looks out from the shadow. The deeps of life are opened with their solemnities, their realities, their tragedies. The character loses its light grace, its gay delight in the comedy of existence; but it gains instead an understanding of the inwardness of things and the responsibilities of the soul.

Family bereavement also works a singular and beautiful gentleness that can be detected almost without fail in the expression of the eye—in the tone of the voice. Some of the best wine is harsh and unpalatable till it goes a long sea voyage. After it has been tossed on the high seas and gone round the Cape, it becomes mellow and soft. There are strong natures which were once intolerable; they were so self-confident, so master-

ful, so inhuman. But Death visited their house, and they came forth from his school other men, and now the strength is touched with sympathy and humility. Such men become the saviours of the world with Christ, for it is doubtful whether any man has ever helped his fellows in the high affairs of life who has not tasted sorrow.

And Death is a very successful teacher of that faith we all long to possess; the conviction of the Unseen. We may play with the arguments against another life when our affections are neutral, and may even pretend that the case is not proven. Let one of our flesh and blood bid us good-bye and pass within the veil, and reason surrenders the place to love. A young child with Christ does more to illuminate the other world than all the books that ever have been written, and it has often come to pass that at the touch of this unseen hand hard and sceptical men have arisen and set their faces toward God, for the hope of seeing again a golden head on which the sun was ever shining.—*Ian Maclaren.*

THE STILL HOUR.

We ask for Peace, O Lord!
Thy children ask thy peace;
Not what the world calls rest,
That toil and care should cease,
That through bright sunny hours
Calm life should fleet away,
And tranquil night should fade
In smiling day,—
It is not for such peace that we would pray.

We ask for Peace, O Lord!
Yet not to stand secure,
Girt round with iron pride,
Contented to endure;
Crushing the gentle strings
That human hearts should know,
Untouched by others' joys
Or others' woe;—
Thou, O dear Lord, wilt never teach us so.

We ask Thy Peace, O Lord!
Through storm and fear and strife,
To light and guide us on
Through a long, struggling life:
While no success or gain
Shall cheer the desperate fight,
Or nerve, what the world calls
Our wasted might:
Yet pressing through the darkness to the light.

It is Thine own, O Lord!
Who toil while others sleep,
Who sow with loving care
What other hands shall reap:
They lean on thee entranced
In calm and perfect rest:
Give us that Peace, O Lord!
Divine and blest,
Thou keepest for those hearts who love Thee best.

—*A. A. Procter.*

The sense of moral obligation is in every human soul. This holy monitor, this careful inspector, this sacred, solemn voice, is from grace, from love. It is the Father's arm, held round every child to keep him safe from evil.—*J. F. C.*

God is in all that has ever been, from the foundation of the world. He has inspired all the prophets of all religions, he has fed the souls of his children in all lands and climes, he has disinherited none. He is the universal Father.—*J. F. C.*

Let us rejoice in these great hopes. Let us bless God for his creating, educating, saving love. Let us rejoice that the lost souls—lost to earth, lost to virtue, lost to human uses here—are not lost to God, that he still holds them in his hand.—*J. F. C.*

Yield not to misfortunes, but meet them with still greater firmness.—*Virgil.*

If you seek truth you will not seek by every means to gain a victory; and if you have found truth, you will have the gain of not being defeated.—*Epictetus.*

The bravest are the tenderest.—*Bayard Taylor.*

Then faith, hope, and love will abide,—faith leading to sight, hope urging to progress, and love enabling us to work with Christ for the redemption of the race.—*J. F. C.*

Instead of teaching young persons doctrines about Jesus, lead them to Jesus himself. Let them read his words, study his life, and apply it daily in their own.—*J. F. C.*

And so, after he had patiently endured, he obtained the promise.—*Hebrews* vi. 15.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end, that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.
—*P. J. Bailey.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

The following are offered by Mrs. H. E. Walter, 67 Oriole Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island: "A History of the Jewish People," Kent; "A History of the Jewish People," Riggs; "Talks on Psychology and Life's Ideals"; "The Teachers that Teach," Amos Wells; "Church Work with Boys," William Forbush; "Biblical Geography and History"; "History of the Religion of Israel," Crawford H. Toy; "Religion and Materialism," Martineau; "Intellectual Philosophy," Wayland; "Latin Grammar," J. H. Allen; "Latin Grammar," J. B. Greenough; "Cæsar's Commentaries," Harkness; "Greek Grammar," Hadley; "Bible Atlas and Gazetteer," American Tract Society.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, of 5 Brimmer Street, Boston, offers *The Christian Life*, the English Unitarian weekly, for the current year.

REQUESTS.

1. I am a lonesome soldier, and should be glad to get some reading matter through *The Cheerful Letter;* religious matter preferred. Please address C. Carlson, Box 195, Schofield Barracks, Hawaiian Territory.

2. Mrs. J. B. Triplett, Nowata, Oklahoma, would very much like good books and papers.

3. Joseph E. Broadway has moved from Polkton to Oakboro, North Carolina, and will be glad of *Ladies' Home Journal* and any religious reading.

4. The Ivis Free Public Library, Ivis, Knott County, Kentucky, is the only circulating library for 11,000 book-hungry American men and women and children. From this library an effort is now being made to establish sixty branches: one in each isolated school district of the county. In charge of the Ivis Free Public Library, serving voluntarily during the summer, is Mary Elizabeth Lane, librarian Carnegie Library, Talladega College, Alabama. She will place every book after it has been classified and catalogued, to the utmost advantage. She is training mountain young people to care for and respect the library. Parcel-post address: Mary Elizabeth Lane, Ivis Free Library, Ivis, Knott County, Kentucky. Freight and express address: Caney Civic Centre, Wayland, Floyd County, Kentucky.

5. I thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for reading which I have received in the past. I especially desire to express thanks for a package of magazines which came by express,—*Home and Garden.* The name had become blurred so I could not tell from whom they came. I should like to receive a good Bird Guide of New England; also *Pictorial Review* after some one had read it. I should be glad of any good reading, as we are four miles from church. Should also like to receive books and cards for my little daughter four years old. Please address Mrs. Arno Bacon, Winterport, Maine.

6. Please state to *Cheerful Letter* readers that I am very much interested in short-story writing and should like so much to correspond with some one who does short-story and newspaper writing. Address Miss Ella M. Sloan, Pearson, Arkansas.

7. Can you get any of your folks to send us good, authoritative books on sculpture, ceramics, painting, wood-carving, architecture, and music? Address Gustave H. Zastrow, Tallahassee, Florida.

8. My dear husband died in March and I am left so sad and lonely! I should be glad to receive any books or papers, also scraps of any kinds for patchwork. I should also be glad to correspond with some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. Reference, Rev. Samuel Tatum, Critz, Virginia. Address Mrs. Mariah Scales, Critz, Virginia.

9. I am a little boy eight years old who enjoys good reading. I should like stories of Mother Goose, or any funny books. I have one brother and one little sister; both are very dear to us. I am the eldest son. This is my first letter to the *Cheerful Letter* friends.

Mamma says she would appreciate *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Address Alton Woodcock, Keer, North Carolina.

10. I am so anxious for *The Youth's Companion* or some other good reading. I am fourteen years old. I have finished the seventh grade at school. I have four sisters and one brother, who will enjoy any reading you send me. My brother is ten years old; my sisters are sixteen, eight, four, and two years old. My aunt, Mrs. E. W. Pryor, of Chestnut, Virginia, told me to write to you for some papers and books. Address Florence Thornton, Peza, Virginia.

11. This is my first letter to *The Cheerful Letter*. I have been a member of the "Book and Magazine Club" for some time. I should be pleased to get some good books and magazines, and I should especially like *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Youth's Companion*. Any reading you send I shall appreciate, for I enjoy reading so much. I am a girl of eighteen years and live in the country on a farm. I go to church every Sunday. Mr. Hague is our pastor. I should like to receive *The Cheerful Letter*. Address Bessie D. Bradley, Sandidges, Virginia, R. 2, Box 23.

12. It has been some time since I have written to *The Cheerful Letter*. I come again asking for reading, and I should be pleased to get "The Light of Asia" and "The White King of Africa," or any good book or magazine, for two of my boys are in the army, one on the Border of Mexico, and I see so much trouble about them. Address Mrs. Bettie A. Short, Elamsville, Virginia.

13. I should be very grateful if some one would send me *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Cheerful Letter*, beginning as soon as possible. Any other good reading matter would be appreciated. I am eighteen. Address Miss Eva McElhany, Route 2, Athens, Texas.

14. Let me take this way of thanking those who have sent me reading. One package containing "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" was especially appreciated, but the wrapper was so torn I had no address. The letters, cards, and reading which my appeal through *The Cheerful Letter* has brought have been appreciated by me and mine more than I can tell. To the dear ones who have remembered my little girl, Myrtle Lee, I would like to say, if you could see how happy she is to receive anything even now when she is at home, and I know if possible more so while at the sanatorium, I am very sure you would be repaid. I do not want to be selfish, but if any one has any amount of woollen pieces either now or later that they are not going to use, I can't tell you how much I should appreciate them. Two at least of my family *must* sleep out, so the doctor says, and I have not the blankets to keep them warm, and uncounted expenses due to my and the family's illness for seven years makes it seem impossible to get the necessary warm covers. If she had the scraps Myrtle could piece warm quilts to use instead of the blankets which I see no prospect of buying, for hers and her brother's bed. I feel just a bit selfish to ask this after so many have been so good to remember me and Myrtle, but if you realize the real need I don't believe you would think it selfish. I thank you all again and again and hope to hear more. From Mrs. S. B. Lee, Polkton, North Carolina, Route 2.

15. Will you publish my sincere thanks to a lady in Boston, Mass., who sent me such nice reading matter, which was appreciated very much by myself and five children. The name was mutilated so I couldn't write direct to her. I ask some one to please send me *The Geographic Magazine* and *Youth's Companion*. I am a widow with five children. Address Mrs. C. B. Messick, Bowling Green, Florida.

16. *The Ladies' Home Journal*, 1917, is asked for by Mrs. F. S. Beard, Phenix, Virginia, Box 25.

17. I should appreciate any good reading for myself and two brothers; also some scraps of any kind for my quilts. Reference, Rev. W. A. Elgin, Elamsville, Virginia. Address Miss Pearl Bramner, Elamsville, Virginia.

18. Miss Fannie L. Trevey, Naola, Virginia, will be glad of good stories.

19. Miss Sue Campbell, 206 Lake Street, Pulaski, Virginia, asks for magazines or stories.

20. Mrs. I. A. Williams, Floyd, Route 1, Virginia, would like to receive books and magazines suitable for herself and five children, ages ranging from one to ten years.

21. Mrs. J. P. Williams, Floyd, Virginia, R. 1, would be glad of books and magazines for herself and also for her five children whose ages range from six months to seven years.

22. Mrs. Vivien V. Cooley, Friendship, New York, R. D. 3, Box 75, will be grateful for a copy of Eugene Field's Poems.

23. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is asked for by Emma Hartsell, Oakboro, North Carolina.

24. I thank the many *Cheerful Letter* friends for their past favors, and will ask some one to please to send me a Bible with large print, and also cards and books for my three little daughters, Ola, Lucy, and Vera, aged fourteen, twelve, and eight years. I should especially like some quilt pieces and bits of ribbon, as all my little girls are large enough to piece quilts. Address Mrs. Sarah M. Thomas, Dodson, Virginia.

25. I saw in *The Cheerful Letter* where you offered some books. I should appreciate any of them very much, as I am a poor woman not able to buy books. I should also like a woman or girl correspondent. I am a married woman with two girls. I hope to hear soon, and shall be very grateful for any kind of books for myself and for the children. Address Mrs. S. L. Stone, Ridgeway, Virginia.

26. Mrs. Paul B. Rucker, Amherst, Virginia, asks for books for children and *The National Geographic Magazine* for herself; either old numbers complete or current issues, as she can thus entertain children when they come in to see her. She will be grateful for any good reading—large print preferred, as her eyes are weak; and will appreciate being remembered from time to time.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

LOADING THE ENERGETIC BOY WITH MAN-SIZED RESPONSIBILITIES.

The hardest thing for us adults to remember, whose energies are overtaxed just to perform the day's work and whose nerves impel us to no more active relief than can be afforded by a rocking-chair, is that a boy is in torture when he is sitting still. The inconvenience which this temper of the child brings to us who are grown up is such that we are continually combating it as if it were a sin. Therefore the ordinary boy is most of the time at bay. Unlike Penrod, if he lives in the city he does not have a barn to retreat to, a dog for a comforter, or the gymnasium of a backyard.

The attitude of society is precisely like that of the average home. Its first effort with the boy is to clamp him down. When clamping down fails it can think of nothing wiser to do to him than to shut him up.

STORY OF A REAL BOY.

I knew a particular boy once whose physical energies were more extremely developed than in any other lad I ever knew. He had a bright mind and could get all his lessons, satisfactorily enough for his own purposes, in less than an hour a day. This gave him the rest of the time to inflict himself upon the neighborhood and keep his parents guessing as to what he would try next.

His teachers understood him no better than his parents. They usually began by trying to love him, but after he had set off gunpowder in the dormitory and thrown things out of his window at them as they passed below, they ended by heartily hating him. They passed him to some other school without recommendation, and without comment.

After he had left several schools and colleges by request he undertook his own education. He found his way to widely separated parts of this and other countries at his own expense. He learned many lessons that were not taught in schools and acquired several very dangerous habits. But after a while he came home, not like the Prodigal repentant, but apparently with the idea of running excursions into the Far Country. He changed his mind, married a nice girl, took a big job, and is making a great and useful success.

What would you do if you had such a son?

As I see it now, what he needed all along was what he got at the end, a big job. His school tasks were easy, unpractical, and to him aimless. He was really a bigger man than his hermit teachers. He was the kind that wouldn't stay in harness until he was loaded to the eyebrows. Then he would lift up his heels, raise his shoulders, and jubilantly run along underneath his burden.

If I had that boy, I would tell him that I wouldn't allow him to stay in school unless he would work in a grocery store every afternoon and Saturday mornings, or something like that. If he rebelled and said he wouldn't go to school, then I would suggest that he try the grocery or something like that, all the time. It wouldn't make much difference which way he decided. Plenty to do, with some immediate objective, is his prescription. Soon after he tackles work he will discover whether it is books he needs, or not, to reach his goal.

It is no use to expect to be able to restrain a hundred-horse power engine with a load of a botany, a Latin lexicon, and a tutor, even with Saturday afternoon football as a safety valve.

If you have a son with extraordinary and splendid energy load him up with man-size responsibilities.—*By Wm. B. Forbush, Ph.D., author of "The Boy Problem."*

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

The Newfoundland dog, as everybody knows, is one of the very finest and noblest creatures of the quadruped world, and yet this great breed of dogs is becoming scarcer and scarcer, and I believe that unless some effort of a very systematic kind is soon made to preserve the species, the Newfoundland dog as far as Newfoundland is concerned, will be as rare as it was formerly common.

Years ago, I remember here in Newfoundland, Newfoundland dogs were quite common, and hundreds of the Islanders owned several each, but in more recent years the Eskimo dog, which comes from Labrador, began to be used in large numbers by the Newfoundland people for hauling firewood, etc., and in consequence the number of Newfoundland dogs began to grow fewer and fewer.

The reason that the Eskimo dog was given preference over the Newfoundland dog was largely on account of its being better adapted to hauling over the snow, coming as it does from Labrador, and also on account of the fact that it requires the least possible amount of food to subsist on and will eat almost anything given it.

The Newfoundland dog thus becoming more a pet than a working-dog began to grow less and less favorable in the eyes of the Islanders, many of whom had little affection for the beast when it ceased to be of service.

Thus it has happened that this noble beast, losing much of its former high regard among the people, began to grow fewer and fewer in numbers. The presence of the Eskimo dog resulted in a cross-breed with the Newfoundland dog, and by degrees it began to lose its identity, so that at the present time there are in the country far more of the cross-breed than of the noble race itself.

In certain sections of the Island, however, the pure breed can be obtained in fairly large numbers, but these places are very few and unhappily are becoming fewer every year.

Numbers of tourists from the American continent come to the Island every year, and are most anxious to secure a Newfoundland dog each, so that the big prices that are offered for it, sometimes as much as thirty dollars, tempt many of the present owners to sell their dogs. So anxious are these tourists to secure this dog and so willing are they to pay big prices for it that it would be a very profitable work certainly if breeding was attempted, if only for business reasons.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

CIRCUS HORSE SAVES WOUNDED SOLDIER

A French soldier, Private Ambrose Perrichon, owes his life to a German circus horse, which picked him up when he was lying on the field of battle and carried him into the French lines, says a correspondent of the *Horseshoer's Journal.* Both the soldier's legs were shattered by a German quick-firer. When night came on, he heard near him the heavy breathing of a great white horse, which munched the short grass. The animal was riderless, and he whistled to it and began to clap it kindly. The horse whinnied with pleasure. Perrichon was powerless to make the slightest effort on his own behalf. The animal seemed to understand for it fell on its knees beside him, held its head over his breast, and remained motionless. Then it got up and walked around the soldier. At last it stopped, sniffed the wounded man all over, and then, seizing his leather waistbelt in its teeth, lifted him from the ground and galloped off. When the horse stopped in the advance French lines at daybreak, its human burden was little more than a wreck. But tender care has since brought him round and he is now convalescent. Perrichon's sergeant, who knows a lot about horses, says the animal which saved his life was before the war in a German circus, where it performed in the pantomime known as "The Arab and his Faithful Steed."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

THE BIRTHDAY IN FAIRY-LAND.

Now I must say to all the people who are sitting down to read this story that they must guess for themselves when it all took place, for I am certainly not going to tell them. I am not going to inform them who the little girl is, whose adventure it relates; only that she is sitting on a footstool before me now, reading about fairies, and that her name is Annie.

Reading about fairies, I say—about those grand times when this beautiful world was

not enjoyed only by great awkward men and women, with a few troublesome little boys and girls, but when thousands of little invisible beings (not to be seen by our dull eyes at least) hovered over the earth, crowding all about us, and watching all our motions; when not a bush or shrub but was the scene of tiny sports, and not a sod but bore the print of tiny feet; when every flower-bud overflowed with honey-dew; every blade of grass, as it waved in the wind, rocked the cradle of an elfin child; and every hanging bough was laden with little beings, who did not weigh it down, as it swung to and fro! And happy the mortal to whom these mysterious creatures were willing to show themselves. So at least it seemed to Annie, who closed her book, and put both hands over her eyes, to see if she could imagine how a fairy would look.

"Oh," sighed Annie, "it is too bad! I wouldn't care for anything else, if I could only have lived in times when I could have seen a fairy!"

She started, for a strain of soft music seemed to come faintly to her ears, and stopped as she held her breath to listen.

"It would be easy to guess what that was, if there were fairies now," murmured Annie. "But no, they are all gone!"

Again the sweet music sounded, but louder and nearer; and then she heard a silvery voice that seemed close by, singing,—

"Oh, no! oh, no!
Fairy creatures are not dead,
Fairy pleasures are not fled,
Fairy bowers are not shaded,
Fairy blossoms are not faded;
Fairy skies are ever fair,
Fairy forms still fill the air:
Mortal! if thou one wouldst see,
Ope thine eyes, and gaze on me!"

Annie raised her eyes, and oh! the lovely vision that appeared before her—of a little being floating in the air, dressed in a mantle of blue violet-petals, and a gypsy hat of the anemone flower, and with such blue eyes and golden hair as were never seen certainly in a mortal face. But she saw her for a moment only; for, as Annie looked, the figure seemed gradually to fade away to a shadow, and then disappear entirely, as the same silvery voice warbled in a lower tone,—

"Fairy bands may never sever,
Fairy homes are bright as ever:
Mortal! if thou them wouldst see,
Fear no ill, but follow me!"

"Take me, oh, take me!" cried Annie, eagerly starting from her seat. And again the music swelled up, and for a moment she thought she saw the blue eyes and the golden hair gleam beneath the white anemone before her; but she looked again, and it seemed only a white flower-petal, with a few blue and yellow tints, that a passing breeze had floated through the window. But the music was no fancy; for a chorus of tiny voices seemed to sing,—

"Away, away, to our Fairy Land,
Till again on its charmèd earth we stand;
And thus, O mortal! we take thy hand:
Away, away, to our Fairy Land!"

Then Annie felt a soft pressure on her hands from little hands unseen, which yet were strong enough to raise her from the ground. But what way she went, whether it was through the window, the roof, the floor, or the wall, she knew not, and as little did she know whither her invisible supporters bore her afterwards; for she felt nothing more until she came to her senses, and found herself floating on a fragrant raft of flowers and green leaves heaped loosely together, across a gentle and shady river. Hands unseen lifted her from her sweet couch, when the bank was reached, and voices unseen sung:—

"Happy stranger! here you stand
Safe at last on Fairy Land,
By our fragrant breezes fanned.

"Gaze upon us without fear:
Thou art welcome, stranger, here,
To our homes and comrades dear.

"Welcome to these joyous bowers,
Welcome to our birds and flowers,
Welcome to our happy hours."

And, as they sang, Annie seemed to feel a veil drop from her eyes, and a change came over all her senses; she seemed to breathe a purer air, to inhale sweeter odors, to hear lovelier sounds, and to tread on softer earth.

And oh! the view that was presented to her eyes. A city seemed to lie extended before her, a city in miniature, with streets and gardens and houses and palaces,—streets brilliantly paved with wing-cases of beetles, and shaded by rows of lofty golden rods; gardens with high hedges of pansies and pinks, and neatly laid out in walks and beds, with flowers smaller than the smallest cup-moss (such as we have never seen except with a microscope, and have no names for), with ornamental shrubs, such as buttercups and daffodils, with fruitful orchards of currants and raspberries, and magnificent forests of rose-bushes; houses of every variety of material, color, and form, from the simple cot-

tage of green leaves and twigs up to the stately mansion of many-colored tulip-petals with its splendid colonnade of tulip-stems; and vast palaces with various ornaments, some bearing a dome of the inverted cup of a large white lily! And among all these streets and buildings were moving busily about little forms of men and women, of the same size with a group who stood around Annie. And Annie knew that she was in Fairy Land!

"Well," said Annie, sitting down on the grass, "will some one please tell me if this is real or a dream? Are you really fairies? Often and often have I wished to see you and your land; but I have always been told that if you really ever did live it was a great while ago, and that only silly little children believed in you now."

"You see that it was you who were right," replied a gentle voice from among the fairies; "men think we do not live, because they do not see us. We have ceased to live as we once did among the haunts of men; but we still hover around them continually, and spend a large portion of our time in doing them service, without their knowing it. For years no mortal has seen us, and many have forgotten us. Our homes are invisible to all but you, and it is by the favor of our Queen that you are allowed to approach them. She sent us to bring you hither, and now she herself is coming. Do you not hear?"

Annie listened; and well she knew the sweet sounds which seemed rapidly approaching. And suddenly there appeared before her eyes a chariot drawn by butterflies, and made of a half-blown rose, and upon it sat that sweet form in the blue mantle. Around her floated on golden wings a crowd of fairy forms, some bearing in their hands the tiny flutes and trumpets from which the familiar music came; while others, as they came near, began to sing, in the same sweet melody which Annie had heard before, but which now sounded still sweeter in this new atmosphere, these words:—

"For many an hour we have wandered o'er
Dark hillside and forest green;
By verdant meadow and flowery shore,
We have hovered around the car which bore
Our Fairy Queen,
Our Fairy Queen!

"O'er sorrow and pain and grief have we flown,
O'er many a saddened scene;
But sorrow is past, and joy alone
Is left in the path where the step is known
Of our Fairy Queen,
Our Fairy Queen!

"But hither, hither, each fay that roves,
Let your graceful forms be seen
Where fresher flowers and greener groves
Welcome the child whom Aglauré loves
To the realm of our Fairy Queen,
Our Fairy Queen!"

The song ceased; the fairies fell back, and left Aglauré (for that was the name of the Queen, Annie's beautiful visitor) standing alone in front.—*By T. W. Higginson.*

(*To be continued.*)

NOT KNOWING.

I know not what will befall me!
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes;
And thus at each step of my onward path
He makes new scenes arise,
And every joy He sends me comes
As a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me
As I tread on, another year;
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future
Is less bitter than I think;
And the Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink;
Or, if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside its brink.

It may be He keeps, waiting
For the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips can only tremble
With the thanks I cannot speak.

Oh restful, blissful ignorance!
'Tis blessed not to know:
It stills me in those mighty arms
Which will not let me go,
And sweetly hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom which loves me so!

So I go on, not knowing:
I would not if I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God,
Than go alone in the light,
I would rather walk with Him by faith
Than walk alone by sight.

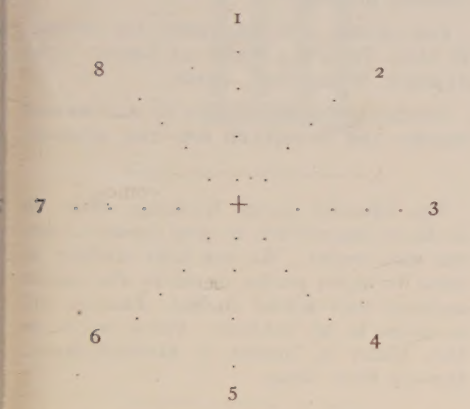
My heart shrinks back from trials,
Which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow
But what the dear Lord chose;
So I send the coming tears back,
With the whispered word, "He knows."

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

A WHEEL.



The central letter of this wheel is the first letter of each of the eight words composing it:—

1. A female superior of a nunnery.
2. To enter upon an office; to attain.
3. To stick fast, or cleave.
4. An engagement less important than a battle.
5. The faculty of acting.
6. Pertaining to the algæ, or seaweeds.
7. Compensation for loss or injury.
8. To fix in a stable condition.

II.

PECULIAR ARITHMETIC.

To one-fourth of Ohio add one-sixth of Venice, one-fourth of Erie, one-sixth of France, one-sixth of Madrid, one-fifth of Spain, one-sixth of Canton, and make the name of a United States Senator.

III.

PUZZLES.

1. A schooner beating against the wind sails S. E. 6 miles, then S. W. 12 miles, then S. E. 12 miles, then S. W. 12 miles, and finally S. E. 6 miles. How many miles is it in a straight course from the point she left to the point she arrives at?

2. The number 45 has some curious properties. Among others, it may be divided into four parts, in such manner that if you add two to the first, subtract two from the second, multiply the third by two, and divide the fourth by two, the result will in each case be equal. What are they?

Selected.

IV.

ADDED LETTER PUZZLE.

Add a letter and change border or margin of a thing into hoarfrost; to free into to be born in a carriage; a cavity or receptacle for a liquid in the body into an old name for various dry Spanish wines; a sinking or bending into granulated starch prepared from East Indian palm-trees; a bare place on a mountain-side into slight fright from slight cause; high in stature into to score; a sailor into a weed growing among wheat or other grain; a tract of low ground into a body servant.

V.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. An island off the coast of Asia.
2. An entrance or passage.
3. A peg.
4. A preposition.
5. A consonant.

Answers to Puzzles in the July-August number.

I. KING'S MOVE PUZZLE: Declaration of Independence 29—22—30—38—47—55—62—63—64—56—48 40—32 39—31—24—16—23—15—8—7—14—6—5—4. John Hancock 13—20—27—28 36—35—44—37—45—54—46. Benjamin Franklin 53—61—60—52—59—51—58—49 57—50—43—42—41—34—25—33. Roger Sherman 26—18—17—10—1 9—2—3—11—19—12—21.

II. ADD O: 1. Man-moan. 2. Range-orange. 3. Pinion-opinion. 4. Bat-boat. 5. Lad-load. 6. Cot-coat. 7. Muse-mouse. 8. Vice-voice.

III. CHARADE: Matrimony (Mat-rye-money).

IV. MIXED WORD SQUARE:

HEART
ENTER
ATONE
RENTS
TRESS

V. INITIAL LETTER PUZZLE: Walter Scott.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

The address of Mrs. Emma M. Backus is now 633 Third Street, North, St. Petersburg, Florida.

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The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Miss Helen L. Wells, 269 Franklin Street, Newton, Mass.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held on Friday, October 5, at 10.30 A.M., at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are invited to be present.

The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following ladies have volunteered to take charge of the different interests:—

FOR MUSIC, FOR REQUESTS OR OFFERS, TO MRS. THOMAS LACEY, 145 GRAND VIEW AVENUE, WOLLASTON, MASS.

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THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Hubert Pope, 39 Kenneth Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.